

THE ADAMS FAMILY



ISSUE 8

INFLATION FREE FOR **WEMBLEY**

50P



WYCOMBE KIT SHORTAGE REACHES CRISIS POINT

WYCOMBE WANDERERS FANZINE

THE ADAMS FAMILY

**P.O. BOX 394 HIGH WYCOMBE
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Welcome to this, the last edition of the Champions fanzine of this truly glorious season. The last couple of months have been phenomenal, clinching the championship and reaching Wembley, not to mention getting to the final of the Drinkwise Cup, which should have been decided by the time you read this.

Thanks for buying this slice of classic literature and for your support throughout the season. We will be back again next season but this time we will be writing about a football league team.

Please let us have any thoughts or views you may have about the club. The players and the staff at the club do read this fanzine, so it is one of the few ways your views will reach the right people.

Bye for now, see you in the 3rd division.

T.A.F.

ALL PHOTOS APPEAR COURTESY OF THE BUCKS FREE PRESS.

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TERRACE TATTLE

"OOOH you're simply the best, better than all the rest." Well if there's a downside to winning the championship, the thought of Tina Turner's simply the best blaring out from every tannoy for the next few weeks is certainly that. Could I please beg John Taylor the man who produces our top quality videos, not to use THAT song. However, that night against Runcorn was simply the.... er, I mean an exceptional feeling, the night we left the cosy harbour of non-league football and sailed off in pursuit of the promised land. I know the league is all about performances throughout the season, but after scraping out admirable results for the last two months, it was excellent to win it in the style of our early season performances.

What a shame that Glyn Creaser and Simon Stapleton weren't in the line up on that momentous night. In my opinion the turning point in the Wanderers fortunes started with the signing of Glyn. He was the first big cash signing that signalled the board's intent on going somewhere, as opposed to living on past glories. That said I wasn't quite so keen on the main man when I first heard he had signed. Having called Glyn all the names under the sun, after he allegedly decked Westie that tuesday night in the 3-2 defeat against Barnet, I was aghast when my brother woke me up, Free Press in hand, to tell me Wycombe had shelled out 15,000 for a new player.

"Who is it?" I cried excitedly. "you won't be happy" came the reply, "It's Glyn Creaser". I was choked, but soon came to worship him.

Stapes never made a great impression on me when he arrived, but he improved so much each season, and soon turned into one of my favourites. It's a tragedy that these two are missing out on the glorious end of our non-league days, but all loyal fans will know that the duo played a major

factor in giving WWFC the credibility it holds today. So don't feel left out lads, WE REMEMBER!

Another thing I will always cherish was Steve Guppy's goal, the finest I have ever witnessed in person, and one in the eye for all his knockers on the woodland. Shut your mouths or be condemned as brain dead forever.

The celebrations in the bar, after the game were great, but soured somewhat by an unsavoury altercation between Ivor Beeks and BFP's Pete Lansley. I'm not going to delve too deeply into what was said or done, as the British legal system doesn't favour the small organisation. However I feel the crime, If that's what you care to call it, hardly deserved the punishment (Pete loosing his job). Frankly Pete was always going to have to be whiter than white to survive at Wycombe and an unfortunate series of events gave Mr Beeks the opportunity to say enough is enough, That's his prerogative, he is the chairman. However TAF will always back Pete Lansley against the tide of rumours that are bound to sweep the terraces, even if we can't do it in print. All that's left to say is it's a pity that one supporter of Wycombe will never be able to look back on that night of triumph in the same way as the rest of us. Best of luck Pete, Wycombe will miss you.

Back to happier events. The performance in the F.A. Trophy second leg against Sutton was one of unbelievable magnitude. I was convinced we could do it, but in such style, well who could of dreamt it. Admittedly Sutton couldn't repeat their form of the previous week, but Wycombe played to their full potential, and when they do that even better teams than Sutton can't cope. One point though, I bet the old buffers at the F.A. were celebrating the result. Sutton vs. Runcorn could have been played at Farnborough and everyone would have had a perfect view.

Finally what a great day out we had at Gateshead. The result was irrelevant but the team battled well and a super goal from Thommo made it

all the better. The Wycombe turnout was phenomenal for a meaningless match. If 600 people are prepared to travel that many miles then what ever lies ahead, the future should be rosy.

I'll leave you with a final thought from the Newcastle United fan sat in front of me, who questioned the judgment of the men in black. "No worse than usual mate", I replied. "Ah well" he mused "they'll be better in Division Three". Somehow I'm not convinced.

SING-A-LONG WITH WYCOMBE.

Okay, so there you are at Wembley, standing on your seat, no doubt annoying the meteor (fairweather fan) sitting behind you, and every item of clothing you are wearing is light or dark blue. You've got balloons, flags, scarves, bogrolls and confetti coming out of every available orifice and you're regretting not having read the "Danger - toxic paint" warning on the spray can, whose contents is now all over your face. The Wembley announcer is running through the Runcorn line-up.

You gleefully await the No.10 - sure enough, "Number ten, Ken McKenna..." and before he can even think about getting on to number eleven, there is a catawaul of booing and hissing ringing around the stadium, the like of which is rarely heard, and barely 2 seconds later we shall undoubtedly hear, "McKENNA IS A W***er", repeated in unison by at least 15,000 Chairboys (and quite possibly girls, I should imagine). However, I would ask you to modify this fairly predictable chant for two reasons:-

1) The match is taking place on the Sabbath and I'm sure the Good Lord would not appreciate such unsavoury language in one of the nation's finest institutions (except where directed at the referee of course).

For what it's worth, my opinion is that McKenna is probably a decent enough man off the park. Even on it, he strikes me as nothing more than a bad-tempered Gazza who just loves attention. Don't get me wrong, I used to hate him as much as anyone; now I just think he's a bit of a prat. So the more we try and wind him up, the more he'll try to encourage us. He laps it up, knowing that once he's got an audience and a stage, then he'll put on a show. Despite losing 5-1 a couple of weeks back, I'm sure he will have relished scoring that fine equaliser. His goalscoring records at Telford and Tranmere speak for themselves and I'm sure if he had signed for Wycombe at the start of the season, as seemed possible, he would have become a fans' favourite, as showmen always are.

His big fault is his gob - he just does not know when to shut up to players, officials or managers, and than he starts getting stroppy and irrational. Us punters however he loves, so when he comes out on May 9th give him a hero's welcome and sing along with us, "McKENNA IS A GOOD BLOKE!!", or "McKENNA IS NICE CHAP!!" if you prefer, because otherwise he'll probably score a hat-trick and embarrass us severely in our last ever Non-League game. Thanks very much.

Dr Willy Procter

[illegible]

WEMBLEY WARNING: If wishing to take alcoholic beverages into Wembley, place a small flask down your pants. When being searched, it is highly unprofessional to toy with the human crotch, thus saving you from drinking Wembley beer, which tastes like urine.



HEIRS TO THE THRONE

What a season we've had down here in Wycombe. Don't you just feel really smug being a Wycombe fan, I know I do, because it seems there's nothing that we can't win. However, what's wrong with being smug? When I became a Wanderers fan the crowds were pathetic, the team highly average, and your star player was an old slaphead called Terry Glynn, so I've every right to be mate. However next year a new era dawns for the club, and if we're to believe all the hype, we'll be beginning it without the man/guru who took us there, Martin O'Neill. I sincerely hope we don't lose him, but I'm sure no one would begrudge Martin if he did go to a club like Forest (as long as he didn't nick all our stars). So who would follow the man and take on the role of manager. We had a trip down to Arthur Prince's gambling den and asked him for the latest odds. Here's the definitive list - take your pick:

1. GLYN CREASER: 5-1 fav: Big Glyn has been a rock in defence for these last few years, and as his playing days come to a close, I strongly believe he could be tempted into management. Respected by his fellow pro's, loved by the fans, and a big hit with the birds, Glyn would be a very popular choice.

2. JIM MELVIN : 7-1 : Mad Jock and teller of many a crude tale, our Jim, like Martin, is very much a motivator and a lover of fine football. I've said before that Jim looks like management material and he should definitely be in the running.

3. JOHN REARDON: 9-1 : Big John has certainly been around for a few years, and his name could

be bandied around should we need a replacement for Martin. But John's getting on a bit, despite his youthful complexion, and the board may go for someone a bit younger.

4. BRIAN CLOUGH: 20-1 : "Our Brian" as he's known, has been subject to a rumour currently doing the rounds that should Forest go down he'd be involved in a job-swap with O'Neill, which would see Brian down at Adams Park. The bookies refused to rule it out, nor should you.

5. BRIAN LEE : 30-1 : Apparently Brian is fairly keen to return to the helm at Wycombe although don't expect Anton Vircavs to stay should this be the case. In the mid-eighties these two chaps had a blazing row which was widely publicised in the daily rags. During a fruitful FA Cup run Anton thought the players were due a small bonus, but old "planetarium" said "play for pride or clear off". If appointed, expect a large exodus, me included.

6. KEITH RYAN : 50-1 : 98.4 % of the punters loved Keith during the month of March and after seeing his form turn from mediocre to God-like in the space of a season, surely the next step up for Keith would be management. From carpet fitter to top dog.....watch this boy go.

7. PETER WRAGG : 100-1 : Despite the high odds we were quoted, the Macclesfield supremo would be a very popular choice. I think the odds were high because Pete is happy with his Macc lads and wouldn't wish to manage a team of "southern poofters". Check out his total football on the last game of the season, it's a rare treat.

8. TREVOR AYLOTT: 1000-1 : "Thoroughbread Trev" gave us an insight on what we are going to see next year in the 3rd division. "Fine Football" I hear you all cry. Well yes, indeed, and who knows Super Trev could be leading us in the role of manager. Apparently he came down here on loan to get to know the players before his imminent appointment..... I almost had you going there didn't I.



WRAGG



CREASER



MELVIN



REARDON

20 CRENDON STREET,
HIGH WYCOMBE
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE
HP13 6LS

Telephone:
0494 437228



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Guinness a Goal



BEER-SWILLING...
SPECTACLE-WEARING
GOAL-SCORING...
.....GURU.....



KEITH SCOTT!!!!

So as the season 92/93 draws to a merry close, every Wycombe fan has his/her player of the season. Whether it be Cousins or Crossley, Guppy or Thommo - just picking one of the lads in the squad would be a justified selection. However one of our personal faves has been Scotty, and to celebrate his Majesty's magnificence TAF have decided to take part in a scheme which will see our number one striker hitting the net with an alarming regularity. We have promised Scotty a "Guinness a Goal" for every goal the big man scores. A bonus jar of the fine stout will be given should the big man net a hatrick. This could mean that Keith may well be found drinking up to four post-match pints after a good afternoons work. Why you may ask? Well, not only is it beneficial for Scotty's generous gut, but more goals mean more matches won, which in turn means bigger crowds at Adams Park. Hence we sell more TAF'S! Greedy young men? No, because putting aside all the money we give to various local charities, we should have enough coppers spare to fund big Keith's drinking habits, which as we all know are an important part of his game. So here's to next season, and I leave you with a quote from the big man (sing it to tacky 80's "finger of fudge" commercial) "A Guinness a game is just enough to give the fans a treat". He won't let us down.

HERE COMES THE SUMMER

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Yes it's the end of the season and that means no more football! So what are we all going to do apart from ringing the blues and catching up on all the little bits and pieces as Wycombe evolve through the summer months.

There are several options one can follow, such as loosing yourself in the minor counties cricket and seeing how far Buckinghamshire can get this year. A pleasant enough time can be had sitting on the grass with a can of cold beer and a warm sandwich listening to old men going on about how Buckinghamshire were a side to be reckoned with in their day. Alternatively you could get a few of the Wanderers videos and sit at home reliving past glories and wondering what next season will hold for us. (Local Hero is still up for grabs!)

Another option is to go in to Smiths and buy a copy of the football league directory, making sure people notice you're not buying the non-league directory by subtly dropping it and saying, "Oh, I seemed to have dropped this FOOTBALL LEAGUE DIRECTORY, not the non-league directory as Wycombe have been promoted you know" when you pick it up. Actually you could just ask your mum to get one while she's shopping. Anyway once you have this over expensive piece of literature, simply learn all you can about the third division so you can be the token boring league buff on the terrace. Lets face it, a lifetimes knowledge for some old boys of non-league football is not much use anymore, goodbye you boring gits!

Lastly, You could even set up a deckchair in the car park and wait for the training pitch to appear and view the inevitable changes to the ground. If when you are sat there a truckload of seats arrive, please explain that they are not necessary as nine out of ten fans prefer standing.

IN CONVERSATION:- ANDY KERR

As always with these interviews you never know what to expect, and when I turned up at the Grovsnor Hotel London at 10.30am I sat in the bar none the wiser. I was aware of fellow hacks sitting around the room, The Mirror was talking to Danny Devito while Cher was being entertained by The Guardian. It wasn't long until one of Mr Kerr's advisors nodded to me and motioned me upstairs to the Penthouse. I was a little surprised when Andy himself answered the door showing Radio one D.J. Simon Bates out. As Simes was out of earshot Andy pulled a strange face and mumbled "tosser". I wondered what words of wisdom he would share with the next reporter as I left an hour and a half later. Pleasantries were exchanged and as I sat down with my Perrier I began. No sooner had I started a large man in the corner of the room said "there are three questions Mr Kerr will not tolerate they are,

- 1) How much he is worth,
- 2) His love life,
- 3) His relationships with members of the royal family, especially Fergie."

I nodded and pulled out my pen and paper and desperately tried to think of some new questions.

WHAT IS YOUR OPINION OF THE STANDARD OF
REFEREEING IN THE CONFERENCE THIS SEASON ?

"Terribly inconsistent, it would be a lot easier if they were all the same standard. The problem is one ref could send you off for a little nudge, where another may just caution or book someone for a two footed hack. Also The disciplinary point system could do with being looked at."

DO YOU THINK YOU WERE THE IMMEDIATE CHOICE FOR CAPTAIN WHEN CREASER WAS INJURED ?

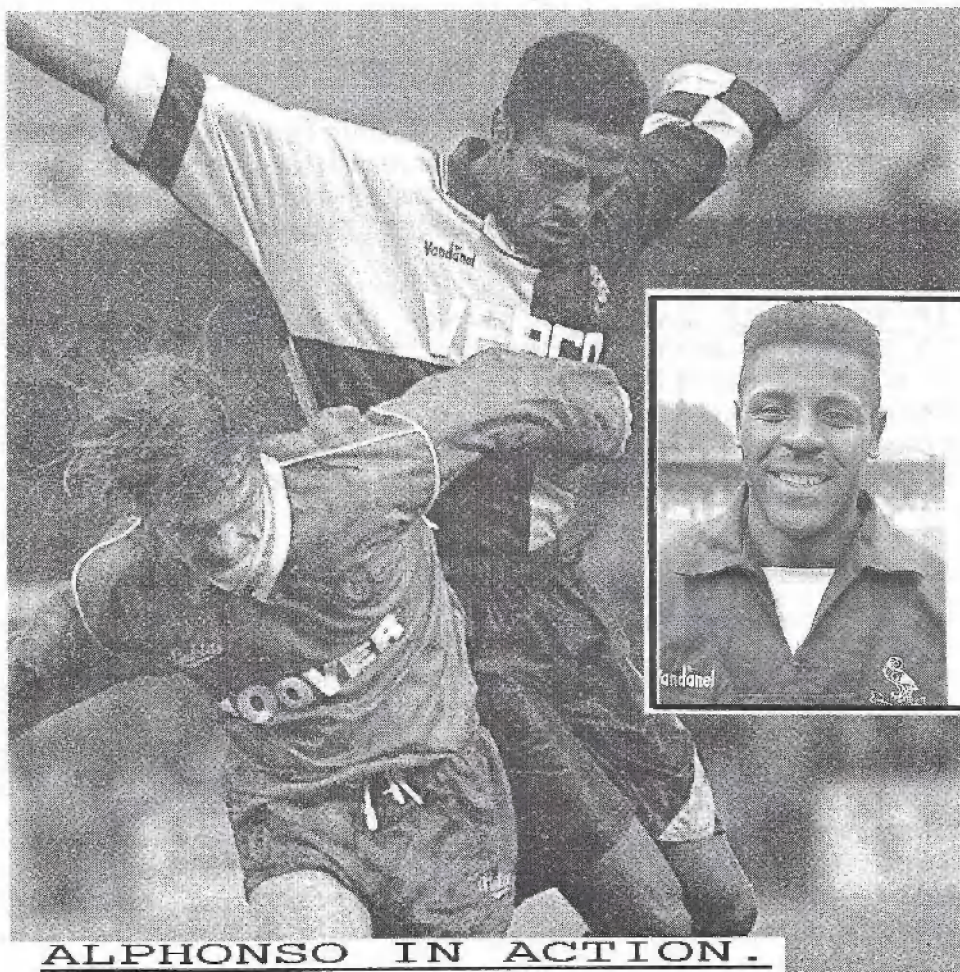
"As for immediate you would have to ask the gaffer. I've captained teams before, as well as Wycombe and have never found it a burden. I also think Jason has done well while I have been on my sabbatical."

HOW MUCH DO THE CROWD HELP THE TEAM AND COULD YOU GIVE AN EXAMPLE ?

"Yes, they can be tremendous. As for one game it would have to be at home against Slough. The noise was unbelievable and after my sending off I could still hear the crowd in the dressing room."

HAVE YOU EVER FANCIED MANAGEMENT ?

"I've never really considered it too deeply. It's a lot of pressure, just look at premier league managers and how much they age. It's great when you're winning everything, but when you're not it must be so hard. I'd like to be involved but not be the main man."



ALPHONSO IN ACTION.

IN CONVERSATION:- Continued.....

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

HOW BAD IS MARTIN AT HALF TIME WHEN YOUR LOOSING ?

" Martin is not happy when we are not playing to our potential. We have set ourselves very high standards and it is up to us to match them."

WHO IS THE BIGGEST BUNDLE OF NERVES BEFORE THE GAME ?

" We all get butterflies before a game, but I'm sure if you asked any other member of the team who is on the toilet the most, they would say me."

HOW WELL DO YOU THINK WYCOMBE WILL DO IN THE THIRD DIVISION ?

" I think if we can keep the nucleus of the last two years together, then we will do well. I know obviously new players will be bought in, But I am sure of one thing and that's Wycombe are now a football league team. "

IF YOU COULD HAVE ANY PLAYER FROM THE CONFERENCE TO PLAY FOR WYCOMBE, WHO WOULD IT BE ?

" Without wanting to replace any member of our squad, I would have to say on present form this season David Leworthy from Farnborough. His goal scoring record this season speaks for itself."

WHAT IS YOUR WYCOMBE GOAL OF THE SEASON ?

" It's got to be Guppy's solo run against Runcorn, but I believe it was followed very closely by that exceptional volley against Cheltenham. Surprising that, it was me."

As I got up to leave, Andy stood up and shook my hand. I could see this was a man who knew his team was on the up. I opened the door, only to find Fergie in the hallway waiting to go in. I said goodbye and scurried away so not to hear Andy's analysis of me.

WELCOME TO...

Since the last issue of TAF a bevy of players have joined us on Transfer Deadline day - medal grabbers perhaps ? However, we've had a month to watch them, and so here's the verdict:

WELCOME.....Tim Langford. "Bonnie" as he's known, looks to be a top quality purchase by O'Neill. Rumour has it that he cost about 50,000 pounds, but who cares? Tim's here now and he's here to stay. His blistering pace and his speed of thought are going to make him a star player next season, and he's already popular with the fans.

WELCOME.....Hakan Hayrettin. Despite a few shaky opening games (Aky is certainly no left-back) Hakan has put in some excellent battling midfield performances and on his current form I'd say that this young man could be an excellent acquisition should he be offered a contract. There are already two reasons why we should love Aky: 1. He is Gary Smith II, but with added culture. 2. He blatantly decked Ken McKenna. Top man indeed.

WELCOME.....Geoff Cooper. Geoffrey, in his second spell with the blues, looks a much better player than he did last year when he played a handful of games for Wycombe. When a friend told me that we'd signed a left back from a third division team I thought "bloody hell medal grabber Cashies back" but it was Geoff, and despite having initial fears, Geoff has been in good form. Keep it up sonny.

WELCOME (and tarrah)...Trevor Aylott. Erm, what can I say? I couldn't really see the logic in signing Super Trev (surely Dirty Den would have deputised for Scotty), but having said that Trev did provide us with some humour in his short

reign in the number ten shirt. Here's a true story :- At Crystal Palace's Selhurst Park ground the cry "Son of Aylott" can be heard every time a player misses a sitter, obviously a tribute to Trev's Selhurst days! So come on Valley Terrace, the next time someone misses a clear-cut chance I want to hear this chant ringing throughout the ground as a tribute to this great loon.



HAKAN



GEOFFREY



TIMMY



SUPERTREV



SUTTON STUFFED

Oh Sir Matt, you truly are great,
I think you are fine and so does
my mate,
You scored two goals
shame it wasn't three,
But at least you got us to Wembley.

BLUEBARD



If ever there was an example of an over-rated Non League "legend" then surely Nigel Golley is a prime one. Rarely have I witnessed such a fouling, talentless pillock as the Sutton captain in the Trophy semi-final second leg at Gander Green Lane. Watching him try to cope with the attacking majesty of Keith Scott became more than a little humorous after a while, although how he (and Matt Crossley for that matter) managed to stay on the pitch only the referee can explain! And one more thing; does he really have a fan club or was the banner I saw at Sutton some cruel irony from a Wycombe fan?

Sutton seem to go in for these brotherly pairings in a big way - while the dubious talents of Mark Golley were nowhere to be seen over the two legs, I fondly recall the central defensive pairing of Vernon and Bradley Pratt, a pair of prize lanky geeks, one of whom fancied himself as a bit of a sex therapist claiming "a bonk the night before a big game" did him some psychological/medical good, although why any female would wish to procreate with someone called Vernon Pratt is beyond me.

Back to the match - I must confess to having looked forward to the game with some apprehension. A sloppy defensive display approaching the previous Saturday's would surely have seen us buried within the half hour, but on the contrary, a stunning performance all round ensured another Wembley takeover on May 9th. In all honesty, the Borough Road Sports Ground doesn't really conjure up images of glorious Wycombe victories in recent years; my last visit there, a meaningless (for us anyway) end-of-season encounter a couple of years back had seen Mickey Nuttall pull off possibly THE worst display by a Wycombe player I have ever seen (present on-loan strikers excluded), and a late goal by "Jimmy" Ekoku, since moved on to better things, wrapped the dull affair up.

In addition to our not great record there, the ground itself is bit of a shambles. Even at the sides the touchline is a good ten yards from the barrier and the somewhat open design does not lend itself to a cauldron-like atmosphere. However, the Blues posse was in full cry and rarely have I heard such a roar for one player as that of Scotty's when the team was read out for the first time. This roar had become somewhat muted though, when the unbelievably monotonous announcer had read the teams out for possibly the eighth time, "for those of you have arrived in the last 20 seconds ..." The Sutton programme

also left a little to be desired - 48 pages of brown-on-cream print (surely printers must charge extra for such gruesome colours?) half of which were adverts, the other half of debatably uninteresting content. For example, there were (brown) photos of not only pre-season friendly action but even league action from the last season, both showing players who have since left the club! The half page of club "honours" included such mind-numbing achievements as Athenian League Reserve Section Runners-up 1932/33 - ah yes, chaps, I'm sure you remember those good old days well.

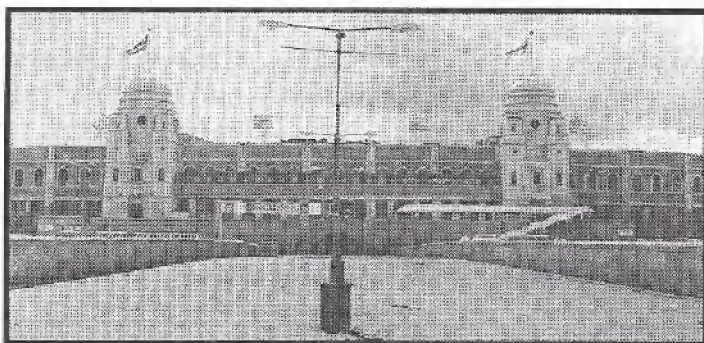
The game itself was a clinical display of attacking football. You could see the commitment and will to win on each player's face from the kick-off. Jason Cousins was the proverbial rock, and a great motivator in defence, and Keith Ryan further confirmed the fact that Wycombe has two top quality utility players at the club. Aky Hayrettin provided some much needed grit in midfield with a display reminiscent of Gary Smith at his finest, while up front Scott and Casey fed off each other superbly. Westy got in on the act again, setting up a goal with his first touch, a lovely shimmy and cross from the left.

Well, I could hardly finish this article without paying tribute to Sir Matt Crossley's goalscoring antics. He could hardly believe it himself, dropping to his knees having seen his crashing header sear into the top corner in the first half, and then coolly tucking away Davey Carroll's corner in the second, a vision that will live with me for many years to come, as he ghosted into empty space with all the poaching guile of John Aldridge at his peak.

So it's time to dig out all those old flags, subtly alter them to "Wycombe at Wembley 1993", and get on down the familiar Wembley way. My theory is that Sutton deserved to lose; any team that quite clearly plays in a "crap and custard"

coloured kit and then has the audacity to pass it off as "chocolate and gold" certainly merits no place at the twin towers in my books.

WEMBLEY WEEKEND



OK I know winning the league is the big prize, and the one we should be most proud of, but lets face it, it fails to come close to the feverish excitement of a Wembley final weekend. Whilst Sunday May 9th is the big farewell party itself, further enjoyment can be gained from making the entire weekend a celebration of the blues.

With the aid of The Adams Family 'Wembley Weekender Guide' (TM), "A splendid time is guaranteed for all."

Point One; TICKETS

We implore you to buy your tickets in advance. Failure to do so could mean that you have to view the game from the neutral supporters stand. This will undoubtedly contain sour non-league managers, so called "fans of football", whose motto you will hear all afternoon, ("I don't mind who wins, as long as it's a good clean game) and the most tragic of all..... the groundhopper. This pitiful trainspotter will certainly be rooting for Runcorn because, "They're the underdogs who represent all that is good about the non-league game." ie they're a bunch of under-achieving goons who still serve Bovril in their tea bar.

Point Two; SUPERSTITIONS

It's highly important to remember what you did/saw/wore last time Wycombe were at Wembley. Of course it won't make the slightest difference to the result, but if we lose you WILL blame yourself for shaving that beard off this time, or not wearing those stripy pants you wore last time.

The TAF crew, being highly superstitious, will be retracing their steps of two years ago, the night before the big day. This means a walk around London singing cup final songs at bemused tourists, taking in a few pints at the pub in Carnaby Street, with a visit to Wembley on the way home. Whether one of the crew will be forced to re-enact the unfortunate incident where, in his haste to use the pub toilet, he sat on the throne to find it's previous patron had missed the target, remains to be seen.

Point Three; TRANSPORT

Being nearby to the stadium means any form of transport, with the exception of pogo sticks, will be acceptable. TAF recommend the fine service supplied by British Rail from Wycombe train station as packed train carriages promote a fine spirit of togetherness. Driving is not recommended, as the M40 is expected to be clogged by the tens of thousands of Runcorn fans, who are sure to besiege the stadium. Supporters who are short of cash could try borrowing some roller skates and attempt to tie themselves to the back of the team coach. The advantages of this are, (a) You won't get lost, (b) you will certainly be on time. The disadvantage is when the coach brakes and you don't.

Point Five; CELEBRATIONS/SORROW DROWNING

Upon winning the trophy, a swift return to Wycombe for the only decent night you'll ever have in town, is required. We recommend a few pints at the Flint Cottage out on the pavement, chanting at the passing traffic. When that gets boring it's off to The Antelope for a good old

sing song in the beer garden. Of course of we lose it's all the above with glum faces.

But whatever your Wembley weekend, have a good one, the next one may not be so soon.



GLORY DAYS...

Review of the season

What a great start to the season we had with a 10 match unbeaten run which included two truly memorable victories at home to Yeovil and away to Kettering. Those of us who witnessed our first defeat of the season on a wet tuesday night at Bath experienced one of our few low points of the season after going 2 behind 11 minutes. into the match. However, we bounced back as we always do, with a terrific 4-0 thrashing of Stalybridge and an almost too easy victory over Col Utd to pick up our first item of silverware

of the season.

For the first couple of months we were scoring goals like they were going out of fashion while our defence was as tight as a Brian Lee wage structure. After a while teams started trying to kick us off the pitch and it was more a case of knowing they would lose but by as few goals as possible.

The FA Cup came up with 2 incredible games against West Brom. No one who was at those games or saw them on Sky could ever forget moments like Thommo equalising or Scotty shaving the post at The Hawthorns.

With injuries to key players like Creaser and Casey I thought we could start to struggle but we just kept churning out the results. Still top of the League we were also going well in both cup competitions. Victory over Cheltenham and then a long trek to Morecambe in the Trophy and a satisfying replay together with victories over Bromsgrove and Gateshead (which was the cue for mass celebrations after Guppy scored the winner in the dying seconds) ensured a place in our second semi-final in 3 years.

Meanwhile victories over Welling and Yeovil and a comprehensive home victory over Dagenham & Redbridge in the home leg of the semi-final set us up with a chance to defend the Drinkwise Cup against Northwich Victoria.

We hit our annual rough patch in March. Defeats at home to Kettering and away to Yeovil were hard to swallow. Then dropping points at home to Boston and Farnborough made it look like maybe we would actually be challenged for the Championship.

Slough Town came to Adams Park full of illusions that they could beat us and eventually win the League. A capacity crowd saw Scotty score the only goal of the game in an incredible atmosphere. We played all the football with Slough content to just hoof the ball as high in the air as possible. I can't believe that none of the officials saw the disgraceful late challenge that added Simon Stapleton to our ever growing injury list. Two night later and we somehow managed to come away from Dagenham with maximum points thanks to the timely return of Mark West.

Right on time one of the few players you would not have thought capable of playing so well decided to single handedly keep Wycombe's championship hopes alive. Keith Ryan has been a revelation and with the additions of Tim Langford Hakan Hayrettin and Geoff Cooper (I won't bother mentioning Trevor Aylott) the team started to look stronger and stronger.

Sutton Utd demolished us at home in the first leg of the trophy semi-final but what a come back at Gander Green Lane (what a bent name for a football ground). We made it look so easy it was embarrassing.

The away game against Slough was hardly a classic but we held out against their relentless second half pressure and promotion once again looked inevitable.

The 5-1 demolition of Runcorn, apart from producing an outstanding goal from Guppy, effectivley won us the League. What a night that was, total euphoria.

With Slough needing to win their remaining 3 games something like 87-0 and supposing we lost our remaining games 72-0 or something the championship was just a mathematical improbability away.

What a strange way to win the League by playing crap and losing 2-0 at home to a bunch of fat northerners. But with Slough being thrashed 5-1 away to Yeovil promotion was all ours. It was great to stand on the pitch and chant and dance, although it felt in a strange way an anti-climax maybe because the celebrations had been two nights before, after the Runcorn match.

A quick dash up to Gateshead the following day saw an almost entirely changed side win 1-0 in what was a real carnival atmosphere, with about 600 of us making the long trek up to "Spender" land.

All these years of Non-League and the disappointments of last year are now behind us. We have reached our goal by becoming a football league side. We have had a truly wonderful season to savour, so here's to next season and who knows this time next year, Division Two.... 23

SOUVINEER SHIRTS

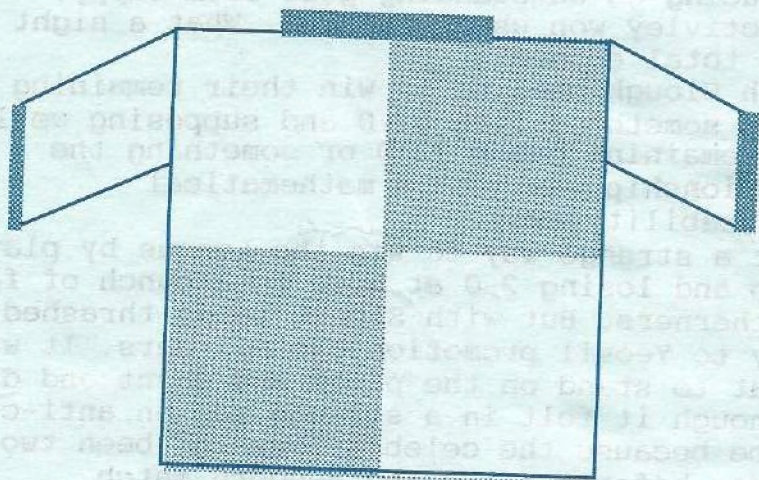
What with the Blues having such a great season, it seems like it's all the rage to have a soiled numbered players shirt. To avoid creating great upset and unpleasantry, we're offering a unique chance to own a shirt for free without having to nick it. Just follow steps 1,2+3.

STEP ONE- Simply cut out the shirt below.

STEP TWO- Select the number of your choice.

STEP THREE- Cut out chosen number and glue it to the shirt.

To save yourself some pennies from the club shop, you could even add a length of cotton and hang the kit in your car.



2 3 4 5 6

7 8 9 10 11